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# FORTUNES WASHED AWAY

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P.M. - E.S.T.

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A SERIES OF DRAMATIZATIONS OF BETTER LAND USE.

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No. 170

"WAU-CA-COON-AH"

July 26, 1941

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ORGAN THEME: DEEP RIVER

VOICES (recorded)

We took it for granted that land was everlasting;

We said ownership of the land insured security.

Tools would wear out, men would die --

But the land would remain.

ORGAN: ABRUPT DISCORD

ANNOUNCER (cold)

Fortunes Washed Away!

ORGAN: DEEP RIVER, fading behind...

ANNOUNCER

Nature was kind to Wabash County, Indiana, for it nestles in the lap of a beautiful and fertile valley, drained by the Eel and the Wabash and the Mississinewa Rivers. The wheat has been threshed in Wabash County, now. The combines and the threshers are put away -- and only the golden stubble remains in sharp contrast to the waving alfalfa, red clover, and tall corn -- and trees.

Trees -- the history of the great Northwest Territory is intermingled with trees -- trees and Indians -- Indians and trees -- and on a boot-shaped farm in Wabash County where trees still grow amidst the red clover and the alfalfa and the wheat and the corn, is the scene of the 170th consecutive episode of "Fortunes Washed Away."

# REPORT

ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK DURING THE YEAR 1900

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

AND THE BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY

FOR THE YEAR 1900

BY THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1901

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER (cold)

Trees and Indians -- Indians and trees. The most famous tree in Ohio, you know, is the Logan Elm, south of Circleville. Under this tree, a treaty of peace was made, long long ago, and Chief Logan sent his historic message...

ORGAN: Softly behind BY THE WATERS OF THE MINNETONKA

LOGAN

I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said: "Logan is the friend of the white men." I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man...who last spring in cold blood and unprovoked murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing his women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This calls on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.



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ANNOUNCER

Chief Logan's message is recognized as an outstanding example of Indian oratory -- a message given under the shade of a spreading elm tree. A few years later, on the banks of the Mississinewa River in Wabash County, Indiana, another great chief was giving a message. His name was Wau-ca-coon-ah, or "Wacoona", and he was talking to one of his fellow Miami Indians....

WACOONA

We must abide by the treaty, Swamp Root.

SWAMP ROOT

Your word is the law, Chief Wacoona. But it will change our lives.

WACOONA

We must abide by the words of the treaty. Little Turtle and Anthony Wayne have signed their names on the paper. They smoked the pipe of peace together at Greenville. Now we must abide.

SWAMP ROOT

But Wacoona -- all we know is hunting and fishing. How do you expect us to clear the land and plow the soil.

WACOONA

As best we can. The days of fighting between the white man and the Indian are over. Yes, the Miamis will become farmers.

SWAMP ROOT

There are so many trees -- oak, hickory, ash, walnut.

WACOONA

We must get rid of them.

SWAMP ROOT (pensively)

Get rid of the trees -- the trees where we have hunted and lived our lives together -- rich verdure, wild flowers intermingling with the tall grass, the wild plum and the hawthorn and the redbud.





WACOONA

Enough! I feel as you do, Swamp Root. This is our land to hold forever, now -- the treaty says so.

SWAMP ROOT

Yes, I have my land according to the treaty -- just across the river from yours. But I know nothing about farming.

WACOONA

We must learn. When the trees are gone, we will plant corn. When the trees are gone...

ORGAN: ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, fading...

ANNOUNCER

Oh, the trees in Wabash County were beautiful, then. The green banks of the Mississinewa were lined with wild flowers that nodded in the passing breeze. Nature seemed clothed in her bridal robe. The notes of the blackbird and the blue-jay mingled with the shrill cries of the Kingfisher, river-gull, and speckled loon. But the trees are gone, now...

SOUND: Crude sawmill, coming to halt as....

BROOKS

Don't tell me you're becoming a lumberman, Wacoona.

WACOONA

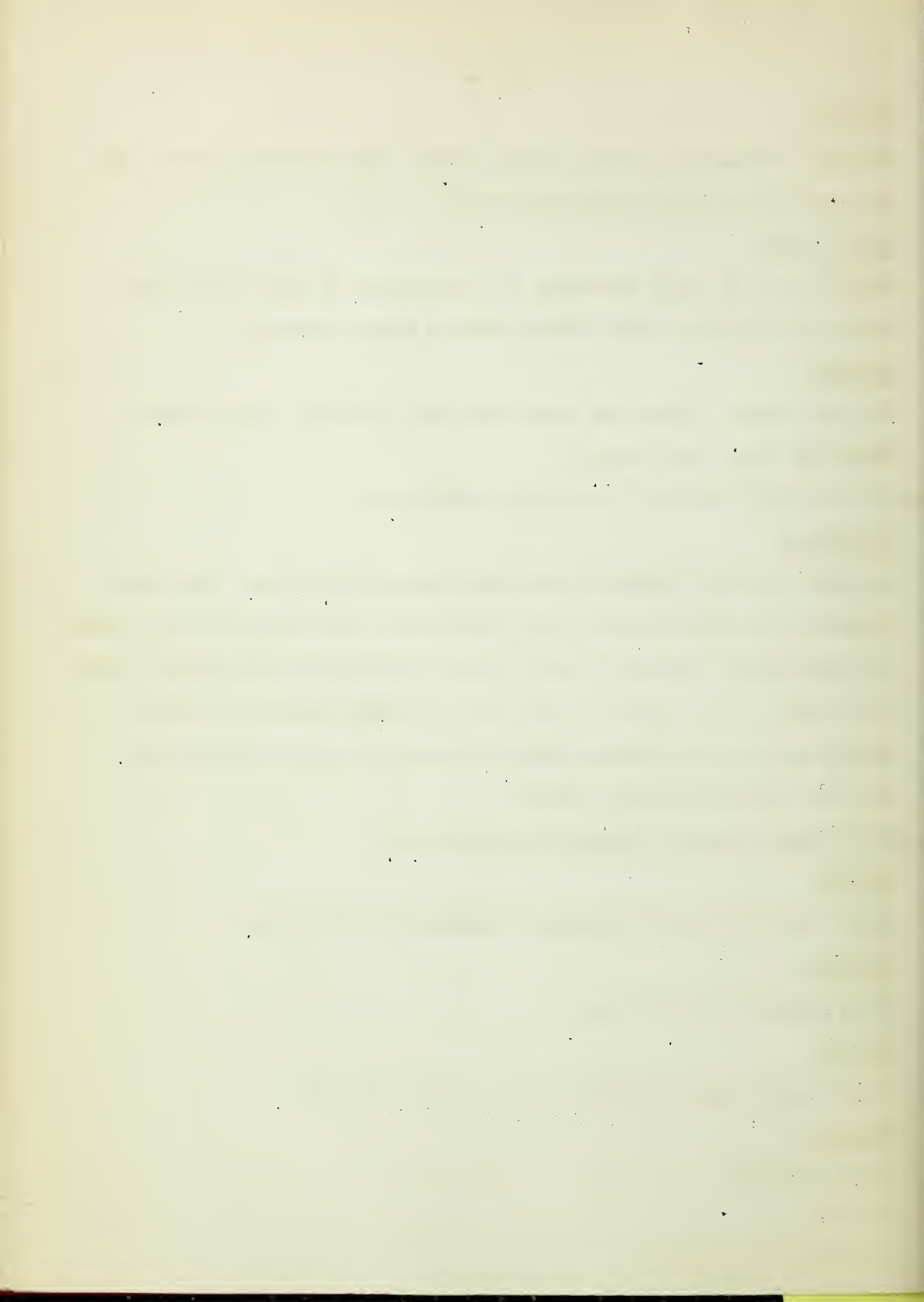
Good morning, Mr. Brooks.

BROOKS

There isn't any market for this timber, Wacoona.

WACOONA

Yes, I know.



BROOKS

Why, if there were a market for that black walnut, you would be one of the wealthiest citizens in Wabash County -- but there's no market. You might as well burn it.

WACOONA

I have no intention of selling it.

BROOKS

No?

WACOONA

With this lumber I will build a church.

BROOKS

A church? So you're going to become a preacher.

WACOONA

I am growing old, Mr. Brooks -- but I have a message to give to my brothers. That message is -- preserve the land that we have won.

BROOKS

That's a fine thought, Wacoona. With your wisdom, you should become a fine preacher. Will you get a big salary?

WACOONA

I want no money, Mr. Brooks. Perhaps a dollar a month.

BROOKS

That's not much money.

WACOONA

You won't get much preaching.

BROOKS (LAUGHS, then soberly)

You know, you're a queer duck, Wacoona.

WACOONA

I believe in America.



BROOKS

Yes, all of us must. I'll help you with your church, Wacoona.

SOUND: Rifle shot fired...

BROOKS

What was that?

WACOONA

Look out!

SOUND: Rifle shot fired...

BROOKS

Say!

WACOONA (CALMLY)

There he goes -- running through the woods.

BROOKS

Who?

WACOONA

One of my fellow men. He has sworn to kill me. He still believes that we should forget the treaty signed by Little Turtle. Little Turtle gave his word. Wau-ca-coon-ah gave his word, and he will keep it.

BROOKS

Whew! Well, I give you my word, I want no more bullets that close. I thought all of the fighting was forgotten.

WACOONA

Foolish men -- perhaps they never will learn the lessons they should.

BROOKS

Well, no fighting for me. I'm going in for straight farming.

WACOONA

You will raise corn?





BROOKS

Wheat.

WACOONA

No wheat is grown around here.

BROOKS

There will be soon. I went over to White County last week -- drove a team of three yoke of oxen. Had to help the farmer thresh it -- but I got the wheat.

WACOONA

I will grow corn. Perhaps some day I may grow wheat. The trees are going, Mr. Brooks...and if I may say to you, as I will say to my brothers who come to my church, whatever we put in their place, let it be something that will safeguard the land we have fought for so dearly. Mr. Brooks, Wau-ca-coon-ah believes in America.

ORGAN: ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, fading...

ANNOUNCER

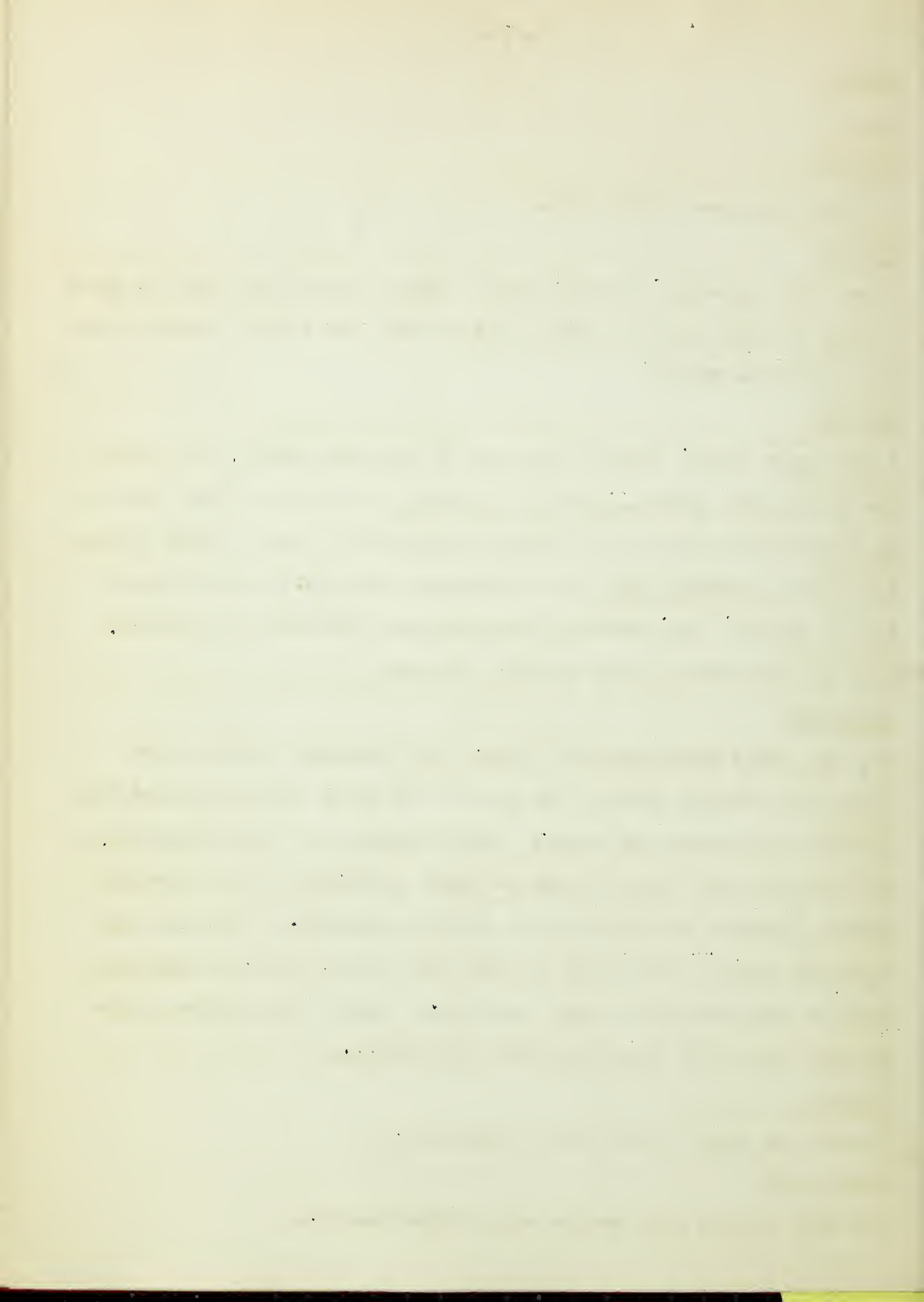
Oh, the trees were beautiful then. The shagbark hickory gave light for evening labor. The sap of the sugar maple supplied the Indians with sirup and sugar. The butternut and the buttonwood, the chestnut and the pin oaks -- these stretched in an unbroken forest fragrant and florious in all its splendor. The soil was rich and loamy -- the kind of soil that built America's agriculture -- the greatest in all the world. But by the middle of the century old chief Wau-ca-coon-ah lay dying...

WACOONA

I meet the Great Father soon, Swamp Root.

SWAMP ROOT

You have served your people well, Chief Wacoona.



WACOONA

I have tried to serve my country.

SWAMP ROOT

You have. Even now, men travel the road to Treaty on the gravel you gave. Men till the soil, using the methods you proclaimed. Men worship in the church you gave them.

WACOONA

This church -- it is proper that I should die here.

SWAMP ROOT

It is a symbol of all that you have done.

WACOONA

If only I could do more.

SWAMP ROOT

This church -- a symbol. The floor and the sidings -- built from poplar trees cut from your own farm.

ORGAN: Sneak in ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH.

WACOONA

Yes, the trees have been replaced by farmlands, now. Our brothers in the Miami are slowly passing away. The forests where we roamed and fought and died are gone. We fought for this land. It is a beautiful land. It is the lifeblood of a people. When the land goes, America goes. That must never happen. Men will die -- but the land must remain, for those who will come after us. The land must remain.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

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ANNOUNCER

Old Chief Wau-ca-coon-ah has long since gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The old wooden church is weather-beaten, but it still stands. The lime stone monuments on the old farm still stand in memory of a great chief -- but a greater monument exists in Wabash County, Indiana -- the soil on the farm of Wau-ca-coon-ah. And now, for further information about that farm, we turn to the United States Department of Agriculture, and speaking for the Soil Conservation Service is Ewing Jones.

JONES

Thanks, \_\_\_\_\_. Well, standing on "Hog's Back" -- that's an unusual promontory on the banks of the Mississinewa River -- you can get a pretty good view of the old farm. Dr. C. R. Green, of Marion, Indiana, owns the farm now, and he's worked out a complete soil-saving farm program with Ray Nesbit, conservationist of the CCC camp at LaGro.

ANNOUNCER

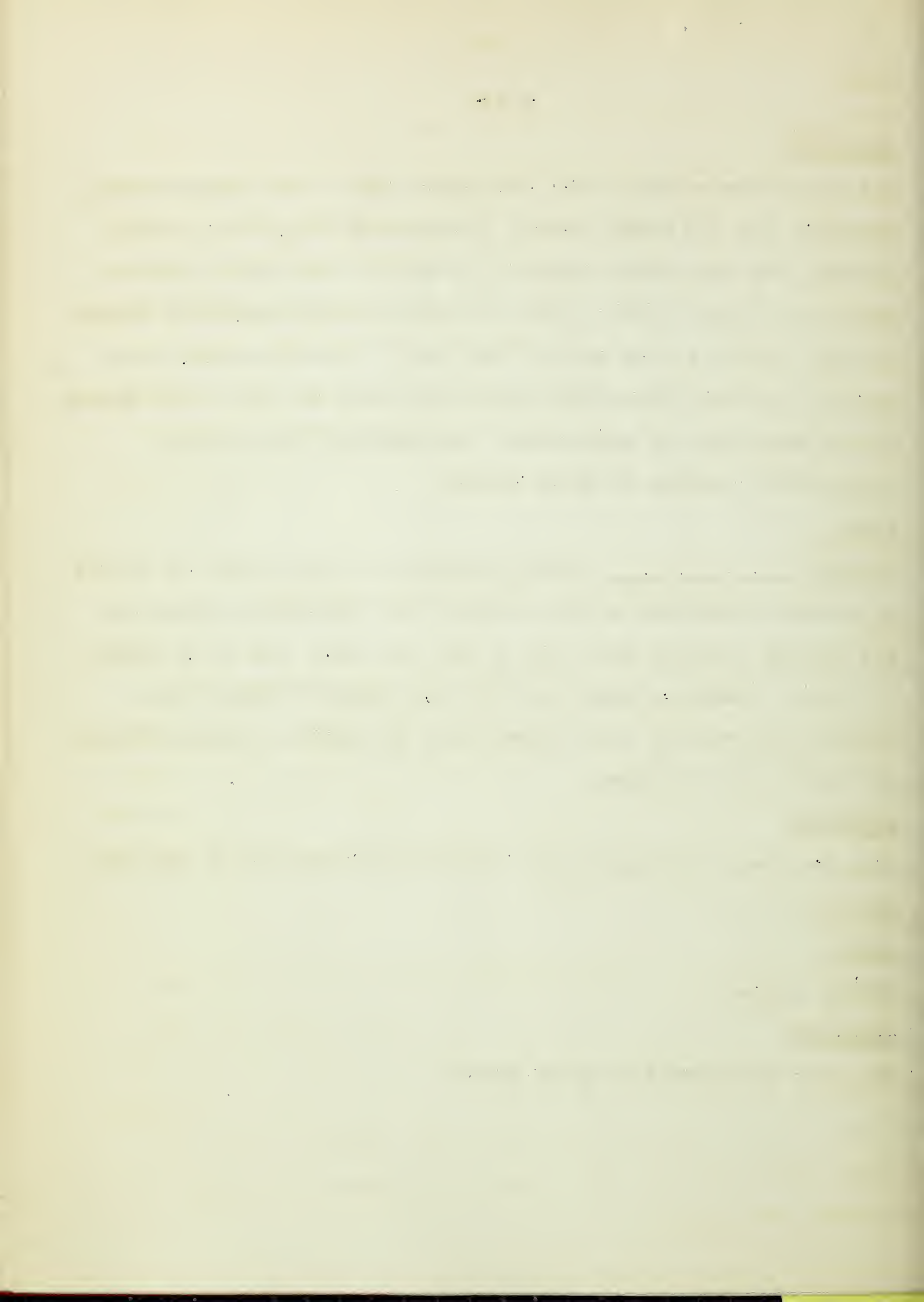
Then Dr. Green is carrying out the plans of "Wacoona" to keep the good land good.

JONES

That's right.

ANNOUNCER

And what is included in those plans?



JONES

He's going to improve his pastures, get a better sod and thus prevent soil erosion and overgrazing by using phosphate and lime; he's going to build some willow dams to stop streambank erosion; the program calls for spot planting to improve existing woods -- yes, there are still some woods left on the place, fortunately -- and he's going to cut out the diseased and deformed trees to give the better trees a chance. He'll mow his pastures to kill the weeds and give the more desirable grasses better growth -- and he'll plow on the contour, to prevent soil erosion and water losses.

ANNOUNCER

In general, an all-around soil conservation program.

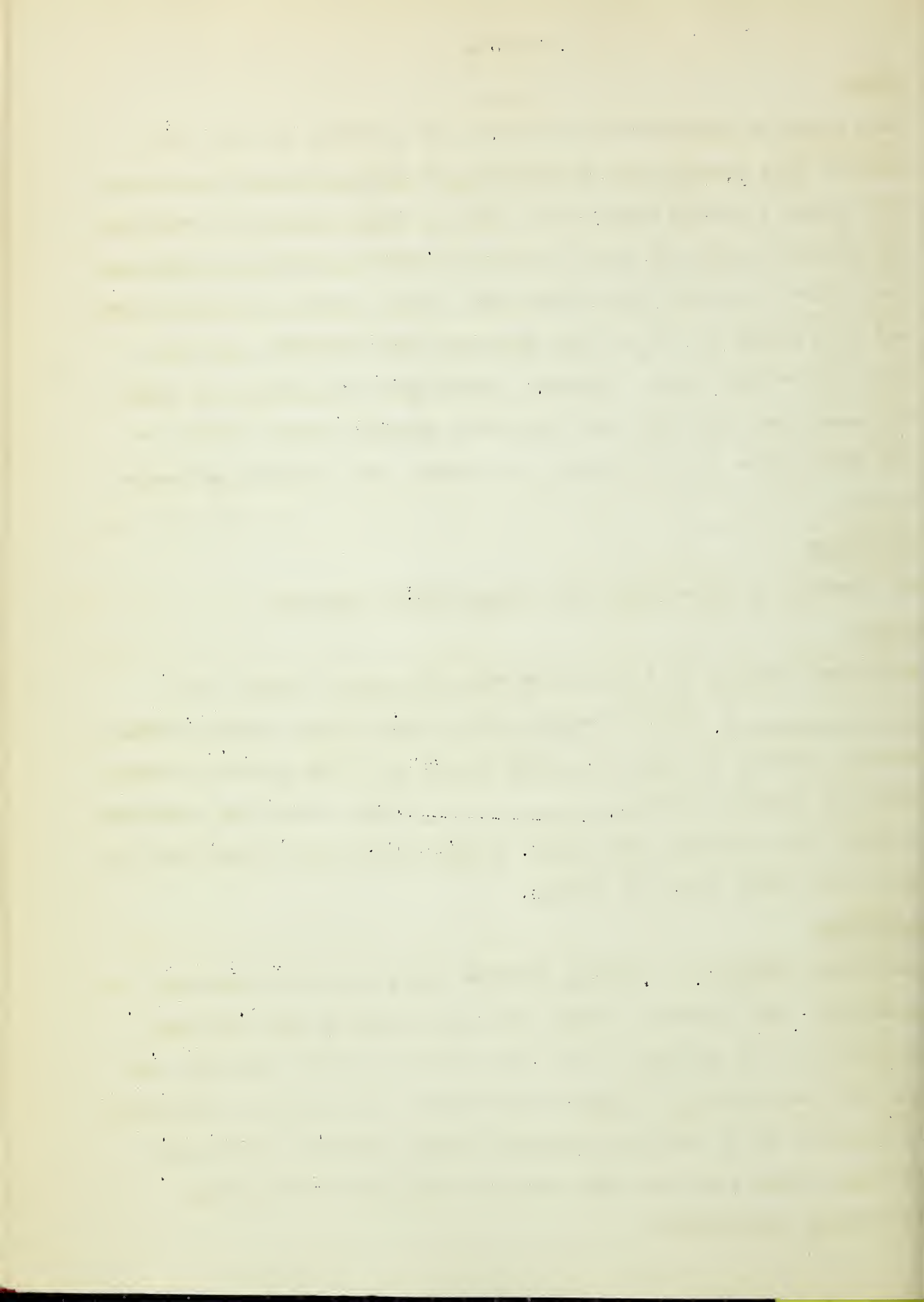
JONES

And other farmers will cooperate with the camp at LaGro too, \_\_\_\_\_ . Wabash County, like many another county, needs erosion control -- and it's going to get it. Now here's a story about an Alabama farmer, \_\_\_\_\_ , that shows how American farmers are defending the soil. I wish you'd read it out loud in that nice clear voice of yours.

ANNOUNCER

Certainly, Ewing..... Today, defense calls for more livestock products. And livestock calls for more forage crops. And so, considering the effects of the war abroad on cotton exports, and the defense program at home on the demand for livestock products, it looks to B. B. Gardner, Fayette County, Alabama, farmer, as if less cotton and more feed crops is the order of the day.

(ANNOUNCER CONTINUES.)





ANNOUNCER (CONT'D.)

With the demand for cotton down and the demand for beef up, Mr. Gardner has planted only two or three acres on a few level areas around his house this year. In its place he has substituted more grain and lespedeza. If labor is scarce, he figures it will be a lot simpler to get his cotton picked if there isn't much of it, and it won't take nearly so much labor to harvest his grain and lespedeza for feed.

AAfter harvesting a crop of Willamette vetch seed last year, he followed the vetch with grain sorghum, planted July 19, which was too late for corn.

The sorghum was run through a hammermill and fed to his cows and mules. In the future, if he plants any grain after the first of July, it will be grain sorghum, Mr. Gardner says.

With a herd of grade cows and a pure-bred Hereford bull as a starter, Mr. Gardner expects to maintain a herd of white faced cattle and feed out his calves. In the future, he says, the size of his herd will be determined solely by his feed supply.

JONES

Thanks, \_\_\_\_\_. You know, and I know, and every real American knows that we must defend this soil. We know, too, that American farmers are learning to do just that. And now, the "Eleventh Commandment."

ORGAN: Sneak in "DEEP RIVER"





ANNOUNCER

"Thou shalt inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, so that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or be destroyed from off the face of the earth."

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

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